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From the Cleveland American.

RIDICULOUS!

The Cincinnati Weekly Herald, of the 23d July, has an article, in which it takes the position that it is not necessary for the Liberty party to have a candidate for the Presidency. It intimates that the nomination of such men as Dr. LeMoine, of Pennsylvania; Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois; John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, would be to make great men of small ones, after the style of the Democracy in the case of Mr. Polk. The Herald stands, it says, uncommitted on the question of a Presidential candidate, until some one be nominated whom it believes to be qualified. This is well enough, of course; but then, it goes on to say, that "a Presidential nomination, although important, is not essential to the unity of our organization." After advising to the course of the Native American Party, in making no nomination for the Presidency, and not thereby losing its party organization, it says, "So that it should come to pass, that no candidate for the Presidency could be found, who would be fully qualified to do honor to the office and good to the party as its nominee, a nomination might be dispensed with." Dr. Bailey admits that Dr. LeMoine would make a suitable candidate for the Vice Presidency, but evidently supposes that a candidate for the Presidency must have some higher qualifications than a candidate for the Vice Presidency. Mr. Lovejoy is a better preacher than politician, says the Herald, though it admits it is of "clear intellect and exalted integrity." Mr. Hale can only go as high as to discharge the duties of a Senator in Congress. So the Liberty party must have something of a larger calibre than either of these men, or Dr. Bailey will not support him for the Presidency. Fudge! This affectation of the Herald is ridiculous. Why not specify the qualifications your candidate must have, so that the men brought forward for that high office may be tested by your standard. Frankness requires this at the hands of the Liberty men, so that there may be an open and earnest attempt to select such a candidate as we can honestly and consistently support.

But there is one in the Liberty ranks now, who could be supported for Vice President, but would not do for President. Well, suppose Dr. Bailey's President should die or resign, then what would we do? But we must have a candidate who "would be fully qualified to do honor to the office and good to the party." A man however, of "clear intellect and exalted integrity," is not the man—one well qualified to discharge the duties of a United States Senator for six years, is not the man for President; no, nor the man "of whose fitness for the Vice Presidency there is no doubt." There must be something else; such men will not "honor the office of President, nor do good to the party." Well then, who would? O, there does not seem to be any one in the Liberty ranks now, so qualified, and so we must either look in some one of the great men from one of the two great Pro-Slavery parties, or we must go without a Presidential candidate. And who, pray, from these parties, would do "honor to an office, and good to a party?" Would Daniel Webster—the great Daniel? Would Henry Clay—great Harry of the West? Would Martin Van Buren, Silas Wright, James Buchanan, or Lewis Cass, or even William Allen, of Ohio, or as he is familiarly termed, Bill Allen? No doubt that if we could make the bribe of ballots tempting enough to these men, we might obtain any one of them as candidates; but would they "honor the office or do good to the party?" Oh! these great *eleventh hour* men, "are not the men for me." There are many in the Liberty ranks now, whose self-denying patriotism and ripe experience, would make them an honor to any station a righteous people could bestow. But would their nomination "do good to the party?" Aye, there's the rub. But this depends very much on what we consider "good to the party." If by this is meant, that our candidate must be able to bring to the support of the party a hungry swarm of eager office seekers, I am very far from thinking his nomination would "do good to the party." But may be that the candidate who will "do good to the party," must be one who will greatly add to its popularity. Well, if one can be found, out of the Liberty ranks, who can make the principles of the party "popular," and thus increase its popularity, let him by all means, if otherwise qualified, be nominated. But if he is to be nominated, because he is popular, and may possibly rub off a little of his popularity on to the Liberty party, I do not think the "game worth the candle."

The Liberty party can only be made popular so that its popularity will be worth possessing, by men who dare to sacrifice their popularity for the sake of the slave. This may seem a solemn—that a cause should be made popular by a sacrifice of popularity; but so it is. It is God's way of "taking the wise in their own craftiness." Dr. Bailey ought to know that their is not, nor has there been, in the United States, a man who has, or has had popularity enough to enable him to join the Liberty party, and make the party popular, by any other means than this of self-sacrifice. It will not be otherwise, in all probability, at the next Presidential election. No popular man will be likely to sacrifice himself on the altar of Liberty; so that on the Doctor's plan we must have no candidate; nor can we hereafter have one, until we have made our principles popular. But when will that be? Why, we shall never know but by voting, and we must never vote till we know. And where, let me ask, does this lead to, but to no-voting abolitionism? I say again, out upon such political exequiation!

But the Doctor does not say we must not vote. Oh no! we may here and there pick up some kind of shaky timber, which may do for a Governor, or member of Congress; and we may vote for them, and so show what we might do if we had the right timber for a President. This may answer for such philosophers as Dr. Bailey; but most men will reject it as too refined to be practical; and so if they cannot get a man of shining qualities,

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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[WHOLE NO. 56.]

they will be content with one of substantial worth. There are not twenty men in the Liberty ranks, Dr. Bailey among the number, whose election to the Presidency would do "honor to the office," if the office can be honored by unbending love of justice, unquenchable love of universal freedom, and talent and experience, before whom every opponent cowers, and declines the contest. (and a fiddlestick for your office when not filled by such an incumbent)—whose nomination would "do good to the party," if the party can be benefited by the effort to elevate to that high station, men whose self-sacrificing devotion to freedom entitles them to the confidence of their country, and will ensure the gratitude of posterity and the esteem of future ages. Away then, with this worshipping of the office of President, "so that we may try to get a sort of demi-god" to fill it. The Liberty party cannot afford to worship *men* or *Presidents*—it costs too much.

I conclude in the language of Dr. Bailey: "Small parties, composed of intelligent men, and resting their hopes upon the power of their principles, not in their numerical power, must not trade in this way: they cannot do so without impairing their claims to the respect of the community."

COMMON SENSE.

Correspondence of the Morning Herald.

DEAR SIR:—Knowing that you feel a deep interest in the fate of the Randolph Negroes, I presume a brief statement of their reception, and treatment in this county will not be wholly unacceptable. After being driven from Mercer county by the Dutch and Whiskey, led on by the Lawyers of St. Mary's, they encamped at Piqua, and awaited the arrival of Judge Leigh, who, when he came, visited the colored settlement on the Loranis, in this county, and purchased lands to locate them. The Judge came to Sidney, our county seat, on Saturday the 11th inst., and no opposition was manifested till the following Thursday, after he had closed his arrangements, and returned to Piqua to bring on the people. When he landed in Sidney on Friday morning, he received a veto message from Rev. W. B. Spencer, Judge Patrick G. Goode, James Blair, Hugh Thompson, and from others protesting against their settlement in this county. The Judge being acquainted with the character of our people, declined instantly to abandon his enterprise, stating that "it would be useless to attempt to settle them in a community where the Judges and Ministers rise up in opposition," and gave orders to get ready to return to Virginia. Two hours were consumed in getting ready, during which time a few friends were busy in assuaging the opinions and feelings of the people, and found that it was only a small minority that was in favor of driving the poor creatures off. It was not till after they had embarked that the Judge yielded to the urgent entreaties of Dr. Mason and others, who desired him not to leave without obtaining an expression of a public meeting.

Much praise is due Messrs. Manna, Cummins, McElroy, Leckey, the Rodgers, the Careys, and several others for their efforts on behalf of the colored people. Upon "sober second thought," re-action took place so fast that by night a meeting was deemed unnecessary. Messrs. Goode, Spencer, and Thompson had relinquished their opposition, and it was then the general opinion, that their settlement could be accomplished without serious difficulty, and the next morning nearly half the negroes were moved out to the lands without molestation, and spent the Sabbath in religious exercises. The balance of them were taken out on Monday. But in the meantime the opposition had taken a new turn, and about one hundred men assembled around the negro camp, and riotously commanded the Judge to take the negroes out of the county. This intimidated him, and fearing that the property of his people would be destroyed by their opponents if left in opposition to their will, he again determined to abandon the enterprise, and returned to Sidney. A public meeting was called that night at the Court House which was full, and without a dissenting voice, passed resolutions recognizing their right to settle, rebuking the exhibition of mob spirit, and pledging themselves to turn out if called on to sustain the laws and protect the negroes. The next day, several of our best and wealthy citizens offered to take charge of the negroes and settle them, but Judge Leigh was unwilling to risk the experiment, although we believed confidently that it could be done without any injury being done to any one. He preferred to take them back to Virginia, and either ship them to the Island of Trinidad or to Liberia. But we were unwilling to have them run so hazardous a risk as either of these alternatives, and used all honorable means to retain them along the Miami. Good places were obtained for about 150, which was all the Judge was willing to leave here, and the balance were scattered at Piqua and Troy, with a few at Dayton.

I have aimed at giving you the naked facts, and will add a few comments. It is generally believed here, that no effectual opposition would have been arrayed in this county, if the gentlemen who signed the "Protest" in the first place had taken a different stand, for that class who could under any circumstances be induced to engage in a mob, is very small here, and if all the good men among us were to speak out, it would frown them down at once. But when encouraged by, or acting in accordance with the opinions of Judges and Preachers, a different aspect is at once presented. The gentlemen referred to are all good men and Christians, and undoubtedly were endeavoring to promote the general good, for they believed the settlement of those blacks here would tend to corrupt the morals, and depreciate the property of our country. Upon these points we differ in opinion, and besides that I do not believe that we should allow dollars and cents to influence our action, in cases where moral and legal rights are at stake. Mr. Blair was the only one among their number who persisted in opposition. He was among the

most active in the boisterous assembly on Monday.

Politics too had considerable to do in the decision, and hence the blame falls upon the Democrats. Their leaders were very active during the "war," which undoubtedly arose from the fact that the men who are to be brought out are Democrats, with one or two exceptions, and the settlement of the blacks there would probably keep out quite a number of that class of Germans that the Democrats are partial to, especially in a county like Shelby, in which the parties are so nearly balanced that neither claims over 25 majority. Justice to the Whigs perhaps requires the acknowledgment that almost all who rallied in support of the blacks, belong to that party, but the enemies were not all Democrats. This case proves conclusively, what we have sometimes known, that those brawling politicians who prate so much about the rights of the poor people, and particularly the poor and oppressed, care nothing about anything but their votes; and it also proves that the numerous class among us who daily boast that they are much better friends to the blacks than the Abolitionists are, often possess more hypocrisy than sincerity, for when placed in situations calling for an exhibition of their philanthropy, they are found wanting. Such was the case here, and many of those who opposed them are men who have always been conspicuous in this respect; and on the other hand many were found friends in time of need, who formerly had made no such professions. The Liberty men here are few in number, and did not take so active a part as they otherwise would have done; for Judge Leigh requested us not to participate for he had been told by some of our would-be-wise and liberal ones that our assistance would render his object unpopular! But the result showed that when he was surrounded by opponents and blockaded with difficulties, others were afraid of injuring their popularity, and nothing would have been done had not Dr. Mann come to the rescue, regardless of everything but a sense of duty. He devoted his efforts wholly to their interests, although he was threatened with personal violence and the destruction of his practice. All the popular hatred was vented upon him and Messrs. Cummins, McElroy and those.

Judge Leigh is evidently a gentleman and a worthy man, but he had not quite firmness and decision enough for the occasion. He indirectly invited opposition by repeatedly stating that he would not leave the blacks where the people were opposed to them. This led them to think they could frighten him away, but I have no doubt that if he had taken them to the lands without parleying, and set them at once to work, that no difficulty would have occurred in this respect.

Yours, &c. H. GERRARD.
Port Jefferson, July 30, 1846.

Rev. Dr. Hawks.

On the second Sabbath which I passed in New Orleans, I accompanied my friend Capt. B., of the ship *Isabella*, to hear the Rev. Dr. Hawks, rector of Christ's church. Dr. H., having formerly been settled at New York, is well known in the Northern States, and is distinguished for his eloquence and earnestness as a pulpit orator. He is held in high reputation here, but can hardly be said to be popular, from the fact that the populace cannot get an opportunity to hear him.

His congregation is small, and (to use a term which many regard as complimentary rather than offensive) very aristocratic. They pay enormous pews, and rarely offer their unoccupied seats to a stranger. Visitors fill a seat in front of the pews, surrounding the pulpit, but even to this they are not invited or attended. The sexton sent us into one corner of the singing gallery, among a crowd of other interlopers and whispering boys. We had a hard seat, although the congregation was large below, looked down on many a vacant cushion which we should have at least preferred. However, we heard the great Dr. Hawks. His voice is clear, musical and powerful, and is modified, elevated and depressed, as the sense and style require.

His eye is not at all confined to the printed or written page; he appears like one who can recite the whole as we can run through the alphabet—never misplacing, hesitating or repeating—never so doing or uttering aught that any one can see how it might have been done or spoken better. Dr. H. is an artist. His gesture is as perfect as his elocution. His sermon was far less effective than many weaker and rougher ones which we have heard, but it contained thoughts the most sublime and apostrophes the most beautiful and striking. Its merits were of too high a grade and too purely literary to consist with a deep religious impression on the common mind. Yet he made direct and solemn appeals. His theme was Christ's resurrection—the pledges and promises contained in that great fact, to the church of Christ and to immortal man. We found it difficult to hear him at such a distance, and among restless children, but were well repaid for the painful attention we gave.

Dr. H. appears to be about fifty years of age. His eye is very black, and his complexion dark; the aspect of his countenance is serene, but I thought care-worn and expressive of sad experiences. His society are about building a new church edifice, more spacious and imposing than the very respectable one they now occupy. Possibly they will have more room for strangers. The salary which Dr. H. receives is \$6000 and his house rent. He now preaches but one sermon on the Sabbath.—*Christian Reflector.*

It is not very wonderful that the Rev. Dr. Hawks is very black and his complexion dark. He is in fact a colored man—having African blood in his veins. He was born at Newbern, North Carolina, and the fact of his colored blood is there very well known, though he has not properly boasted of it in New York and New Orleans, and few of those who have listened to his eloquent preaching are probably aware of it. His white relatives

who are among the highest families of North Carolina did for him, what it would have been honorable in them to have done in other cases, adopted him as white. They gave him all possible advantages of education, and we are the result. It was different with a cousin of Dr. Hawk's. He also had white blood as noble as any. But he grew up a slave. He became one of the best house-painters in Newbern. His owner fell into pecuniary embarrassment and he was sold, away from his wife and six children, for \$1,500, and then taken to New Orleans. He contrived to secure himself in the hold of a northern vessel, but after getting off the *Bahia* he was discovered, sent back and enslaved. Six months after he tried to escape, and secured himself in the hold of a New York vessel with a jug of water and flitch of bacon. In that dark, noisome place he staid, thinking about all the vessel reached New York, and then stole out, one patrid sore from head to foot. There was a "middle passage" to freedom for you!

When he recovered from his bruises he had the pleasure of directing him to his cousin, Dr. Hawks, who gave him a five dollar bill towards redeeming his wife and children from slavery. He was a fine looking man and when straightened up gave a high idea of the height from which he sprang in the "old North state." Probably he too, for he was a religious man, would have made a distinguished divine if he had been placed in the same circumstances as his cousin.—*Chronicle.*

Lucy Crawford's Case.

We have announced the fact that the jury in the case of Lucy Crawford, a petitioner for freedom, was Hope H. Slater and others, had brought in a verdict in her favor, we supposed, and of the matter had been made known. But we were mistaken. The grasp of Lucy's former owner, Mrs. Scott, proved to be as tight as it was really her contest in the case of Slater. A motion for a new trial was made, and after being delayed from day to day, was finally argued on Tuesday, before Hon. Judges Brine, Nesbit, and Whittington, of Baltimore city court, by Charles H. Pitts, Esq., for the claimant, and James M. Buchanan, Esq., for the petitioner. The court, after considerable deliberation, refused to grant a new trial—to their credit to be recorded! This ends the case definitely, so far as Lucy is concerned, being set at large. It does not seem so difficult. Slater will now demand a refundment of some four or five hundred dollars, paid by him for Lucy, to Mrs. Scott, and if we may judge by her testimony in the proceedings so far, she will not be content to be paid for the money. It so, then will come an interesting war between slaveholder and slaveholder, in which "Greek will meet Greek." We shall have an eye to the result.

The termination of the case of petition for freedom under notice—a result over which every just and merciful man should rejoice—has made the slaveholders of Prince George's county furious, as the tone of the comments of their mouth-piece, the *Upper Marlboro' Gazette*, plainly shows. The editor thus vents his rage—or rather that of his masters and mistresses, uttered through him. "The 'general satisfaction' which the Sun says was expressed on hearing the verdict, was but another evidence of the growing disposition on the part of many Baltimoreans to wrest from the slaveholder, by every means in their power, their slave property. Some decided measures must be taken to check this unfair and dangerous spirit. The verdict in this case can only have proceeded from a spirit of abolitionism, for it is to be presumed the court better understood the law than the jury. It is, in fact, nothing but a judicial robbery, and we hope some steps will be taken by the next General Assembly to remove the trial of such causes from the City Court, where Baltimore city jurors are empaneled, to Baltimore County Court, where juries from the county have to be taken. In this way the slaveholders of the state will get rid of that spirit of abolitionism which is more likely to be found in the city than in the county of Baltimore. Indeed in our opinion, IN NO CASE OF PETITION FOR FREEDOM OUGHT A JURY TRIAL TO BE GRANTED (!) The court alone should decide upon the evidence and the law. They are not so apt to be tainted with a feeling which is at war with the interests of the slaveholder, and which, wherever it is found to exist, will be sure to be employed in prostituting slavery to the state."

Nor there are some encouraging admissions in that paragraph—some reason in its madness. It would afford a text for columns of comment; but, meeting our eye, as it does, after our paper is nearly made up, we must content ourselves with only a remark or two.—First of all, *See the spirit of Slavery in the desire to deny the poor petitioner for freedom a jury trial*—a process which is, doubtless, never in the way of despotism, in Prince George's!

Thankful as we are for the "feeling" complained of in the last sentence of the above fiendish paragraph! It will be sure to be employed in "prostituting slavery to the state," and that in a mode which every body but the small band of ultraists for whom the *Gazette* speaks, will applaud as perfectly fair, and as gloriously beneficial to our slave-ruined state at large, while just to the enslaved. Heaven speed the growth of this feeling, until it shall have supplanted every vestige of its opposite, which, having once secured for itself unbridled sway over the colored man, and robbed him of the precious jury trial, would aim to deprive the white man also of his rights, whenever those rights happened to conflict with the "peculiar" interests of these justice-defying ultraists. Seeing this, non-slaveholding white men, need we ask you which side you will take in the coming contest! Surely not. Rally, then, with us in our great moral warfare, and with the advocates of Constitutional Reform, and

this prepare the way for such a use of the ballot box, as shall sweep the last vestige of slavery from our beloved Maryland!—*Baltimore Statesman.*

PEACE MESSAGE.

The following message from the President of the United States, asking of Congress an appropriation of \$2,000,000 to enable the government to conclude a peace with Mexico, was received and read in both branches of Congress. The Senate and the House, we understand, both passed a bill granting the desired amount.

To the Senate and House of Representatives. I invite your attention to the propriety of making an appropriation to provide for any expenditures which it may be necessary to make in advance for the purpose of settling all our difficulties with the Mexican Republic. It is my desire to terminate, as it originally was to avoid, the existing war with Mexico, for a peace just and honorable to both parties.

It is probable that the chief obstacle to be surmounted in accomplishing this desirable object, will be the adjustment of a boundary between the two Republics, which shall prove satisfactory and convenient to both, and such as neither will hereafter repent. In the adjustment of this boundary, we ought to pay a fair equivalent for any concession which may be made by Mexico.

Under the circumstances, and considering the other complicated questions to be settled by negotiation with the Mexican Republic, I deem it important that a sum of money should be put under the control of the Executive, to be advanced, if need be, to the Government of that Republic immediately after the ratification of a treaty. It might be inconvenient for the Mexican Government to wait for the whole sum, the payment of which may be stipulated by this treaty, until it could be ratified by our Senate, and an appropriation to carry it into effect made by Congress.

Indeed, the necessity for their delay might defeat the object altogether. The disbursement of this money would, of course, be accounted for not as secret service money, but like other expenditures. Two precedents for such a proceeding exist in past history during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, to which I would call your attention. On the 26th of February, 1803, an act was passed appropriating two millions of dollars for the purpose of defraying any extraordinary expenditures which may be incurred in the intercourse between the United States and foreign nations, to be applied under the direction of the President, to the purchase of territory which shall cause an account thereof to be laid before Congress as soon as may be; and on the 13th of February, 1806, an appropriation was made of the same on the same terms.—In neither case was the money actually drawn from the Treasury; and I should hope a result in this respect might be similar on the present occasion, although the appropriation may prove to be indispensable in accomplishing this object. I would therefore recommend the passage of a law appropriating two millions of dollars, to be placed at the disposal of the Executive for the purpose I have indicated. In order to prevent all misapprehension, it is my duty to state that, anxious as I am to terminate the existing war with the least possible delay, it will continue to be prosecuted with the utmost vigor until a treaty of peace shall be signed by the parties, and ratified by the Mexican Republic.

JAMES K. POLK.

The Christian Spirit.

Rev. Evan Stevenson, editor of the Christian Intelligencer and Southern Methodist, published at Georgetown, Kentucky, thus piously discourses in a recent number: "Hear it Soldiers and Citizens, Patriots and Friends! While the war continues we cannot and will not discuss the question of Slavery, as we honestly feel more like discussing roast beef and yams, or if our service is required, national rights, with our sword, on the Rio Grande; and if this we must do, there is no man under whom we should more freely essay to 'run through a troop and jump over a wall,' than the same gallant little Doctor, whose Captaincy was rendered him by the unanimous vote of every member of our company present, and if yet called on, nothing but family afflictions, sickness or death, shall prevent us from a willing surrender of our feeble energies to this cause. This too, is doubtless the feeling of every volunteer. We entreat our correspondents that they will forward to us for publication no religious controversies pending this conflict with Mexico. Let us drop out denominational prejudices.—Fight the good fight of Faith, and lay hold upon eternal life."

The Rev. R. A. Stuart, another fighting parson, a sugar planter when at home in Louisiana, and now at the head of a company in Mexico, preached a sermon on the 1st ult., from the text—"If ye oppress not the stranger, the fatherless and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place, neither walk after other gods to your heart; then I will cause you to dwell together in this place, in the land which I gave to your fathers, forever and ever." One would think it a rather difficult matter to make out from this text that it is a Christian duty to kill the Mexican, but he proves it to the satisfaction of the New Orleans Tropic, which paper reports and eulogizes his sermon. There is a good deal of the "meek and lowly" about some of our modern Christians.

Cassius M. Clay.

This eloquent and earnest opponent of the Texan war, has himself volunteered as a captain of a troop of cavalry in this same war! We deeply regret this misguided step. Mr. Clay may still retain his influence in Kentucky, notwithstanding his inconsistency, but his name will no longer carry any charm in

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the North. His present course puts a gulf between him and the friends of the slave, that cannot be passed over, and that we can hardly hope to see filled up. Mr. Clay's bill furnishes another striking proof of the danger of tampering with right—at the risk of expediency. Granting the United States' Constitution to be a pro-slavery instrument, he resolved still to swear to its support, and even to act in the ranks of the Whig party. He has done an act perfectly similar, in denouncing, on the one hand, this Texas business in general, and the Mexican war in particular, as most iniquitous, while, on the other hand, he gives on his armor, and mounts his horse to take part in it, at the call of the nation. We mourn over his fall. Fearless and intrepid, he has occupied a position, and has had opportunities given him, in providence, of honor and usefulness, such as are afforded to very few. All, all, he has "wilefully cast away," from a deluded patriotism, and, it may be, less excusable, for the ill-breath of military renown.—*Overlander.*

PARTISAN CONFESSION.—A negro man was killed by a man named Bright, in Currituck county, North Carolina, recently. A coroner's jury was called on the occasion, and the substance of the verdict was, "that an inquest was held on the body of a black man in Currituck county, near the Princess Anne county line, at the residence of John Ryland Bright, on the 19th of last month. It appeared to the jury that said negro had come to his death from being shot in the back at the distance of only a few paces, and it was still further shown to the jury by the confession of said Bright, that he had committed the act, and that he would do it again." The penalty in such cases, we believe, is a fine of five dollars.

Communications.

Letter from Shori Creek.

"The meeting held here by the agents of the Western A. S. S. suggested some thoughts, which I feel disposed to offer to the readers of the 'Bugle.'"

Both Parker Pillsbury and Henry Hatch remarked, that as the Methodists were kind enough to grant them the use of their meeting house, they would return the favor by exposing their true pro-slavery character; that they, and others, might be benefited by the knowledge conferred. "This I think was right. Had they have withheld anything they believed to be true, for fear of offending the Methodists who had just done them a kindness, it would have shown them to be capable of being bribed. I therefore have reason to hope, that in speaking plainly of their course and that of the society generally, I shall not do that, which they, or others, will regard as offensive."

At one time during the meeting, some objection was made to the motto of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Some of the best abolitionists we have thought they could not subscribe to it without a qualification; and that it was important that a motto should be sufficiently clear without any explanation.—One suggested that it would remove the objection by saying, "No criminal union with slaveholders." Another, "No union with slaveholders." This drew Parker Pillsbury to his feet, who was too much indispensed to take any part previously in the proceedings. He thought there was rather an over modesty in this objection. He compared it to a person who should be in favor of marriage, but not in favor of men and women marrying.—Jesus Christ, he said, did not say we unto hypocrites, but we unto hypocrites; not we unto adulterers, but we unto you, an adulteress, &c. They who object to the motto, do not object to calling a man, who holds his fellow man in bondage, a slaveholder, or a man-thief, or a robber of all that is dear to the victim of his rapacity. But they do not wish to cast him off, and regard him as a demon, utterly incapable of performing one good act, on whom we will bestow no sympathy, and with whom we will have no union, even to promote a good object. When we say "no union with slaveholders," we wish it understood that we mean that kind of union that aids or assists or in any way encourages them in their slaveholding. To no other kind of union have we a right, as abolitionists, to object. Although Jesus, in unqualified terms, condemned Hypocrites, Adulterers, &c., yet think ye that he who eat with publicans and sinners, would have refused to unite with sinners to perform a benevolent deed? He, or any other sensible and good man, would be rejoiced to encourage one who was a sinner in other respects, by joining with him in doing some special work good in itself. Would Parker Pillsbury refuse to unite his physical strength and mental effort in extricating a fellow being from the clutches of a tiger? If a man's house were on fire and his innocent family about to suffer in the flames, would he refuse to join a half dozen slaveholders in working an engine which the slaveholders of themselves could not do with sufficient power to cause the water to reach the flames? Certainly he would not. Because, in these cases, his un-

ion with the slave holders was not assisting them in any way in their slaveholding; but encouraging them by their presence and zealous co-operation in doing a good act. Parker Pillsbury, it seems to me, ought not to quote Jesus in this connection, except to condemn him for associating with those who were not as immaculate as himself. Now "is unqualified assertion that we will have no union with slaveholders, extends not only to that political union which exists between the nominally free people of the north, and the slaveholders of the south—which we who object to the motto repudiate as well as they—but to all possible cases that may arise in which we may unite with them for good, while we are doing every thing in our power to throw around them such circumstances as are calculated to show them the error of their position in reference to slavery."

Parker spoke, I thought, rather disparagingly of us here in Ohio. He very pleasantly remarked, that he did not know what new ideas we might have caught away off here in Ohio, &c. Did it occur to him that he lives "across" off there in New Hampshire, about as far from us as we are from him? But we admit that their opportunities for acquiring knowledge are more favorable than here; but it furnishes no reason to us that a doctrine is true, to tell us that it originated in New England. We adopt no new views until our judgments are convinced, though the old oracle of Liberty was first rocked by the thunder of its announcement, but then we can't help it if we would.

Some thought we could not, if we would, avoid a union with slaveholders in this country; and that too in a way that assisted them in their slaveholding. This it seems to me, to be a great mistake. If I refuse to yield any voluntary support to slavery or to this slaveholding, Heaven-defying government, I cannot be charged with supporting either. One gentleman said, if I buy a horse knowing that the government will tax him 50 cts, I voluntarily and intentionally pay the 50 cts. to sustain the government. In this case he voluntarily and intentionally buys the horse while he may be opposed to the government. Buying the horse is right in itself, this he may innocently do, but if government robs him of a portion of the value of the horse, on it let the responsibility rest, not on him. On the same principle might he charge slaveholding on the slaves themselves. They work knowing that the product of their labor goes to sustain the system. They furnish their masters with the means of purchasing the very chains that manacle their limbs. Yet who would say that the smallest portion of the responsibility of the system rested on them? But it may be said that there is not a voluntary support. That they are compelled by their holders to labor. It is as voluntary on the part of the slave, as it is on the part of the so-called free laborer of the north. The slave works for another rather than suffer death, which he knows would befall him if he refused—and so of the northern laborer—he cannot live without producing that on which he lives; and when he produces, others rob him of a part of his productions, with which to strengthen the means of oppressing both him and the slave of the south. Yet, Henry Heberling said the other day, in conversation with Mr. Hatch, with an air of conscious triumph, that "the producers of any country were the supporters of the government of that country." This may be true, to a limited extent, with those who voluntarily pay a portion of their productions to sustain the government; but of those who do not, but whom the government robs, it is preposterous to say so. Would that man be considered wise who would say to him who was trying to suppress horse stealing, "Why you sir, are supporting horse thieves, by rearing horses." And yet about as wise as to say that he who digs from the earth the means to support himself and family, is supporting and sustaining the government, which has the power to rob him of a part of it. I suppose that Mr. Heberling would charge Mr. Lovejoy with getting up a mob in Illinois, which resulted in the murder of his own person.

I have heretofore supposed that no acts could be considered mine, except those which were the result of my own will. But I am here informed that the act of him who robs me is my act. The proposition is, that the producers support the government. I produce wherewith to live; the government is not yet supported. It demands of me a part of my production with which to carry on its slaveholding, man-killing operations. I refuse, I remonstrate against any of my productions being appropriated for such unholy purposes. The government is still not supported. But it thrusts its hands into my pocket, robs me, like, and takes what it wants to support itself. Now is it the government that performs this act, or is it I? Rev. Heberling says it is I. Verily these Revs. are wise men.

WM. E. LUKENS.

[Friend Lukens came to the conclusion some time since that our paper was not sufficiently free, and therefore had his name stricken from the subscription list. Now, it seems, that although it is not free enough to pay for, it is quite free enough to use.—Eos.]

What shall we do?

I believe that an individual declaration of sentiment, and corresponding action, in regard to the "crimes of our country" is the

duty of all who would that those crimes should cease. And I believe that all the crimes that mankind ever knew, are embodied in American Slavery, therefore all who profess to be followers of Him, that commanded us to "love our neighbors as ourselves" are bound to do all in their power for the abolition of this great national depot of iniquity. It is not because I reside in the United States that I believe it to be my duty to interfere in this matter, but because I am a human being—and a member of the human family. Then what means shall I employ to accomplish my desire? The ballot box? Can women vote? Surely they are bound as much as men by the laws of God to labor for the good of their race—and if the ballot box is an electoral means, they cannot use it. Suppose I am an African, and my husband, children, father and mother, are held in slavery—shall I crouch down and disregard the duties that God has laid upon me, and smother every feeling of my nature, because I cannot come to the ballot box to tell the wrongs that I suffer? No! God has created me a human being and given me human feelings, and ability to speak in defense of them, I made it my duty to do, regardless of constitutions and ballot boxes—Christ has said "thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself. And if I do this how can I vote under a constitution, even if I were allowed to, that makes provision for holding my neighbor in bondage, and claims the right to make war upon my countrymen?

Away with such a constitution! I will neither countenance, nor support—only as my Savior supported murderers by submitting to their outrages. Give me a government based and executed on Christian principles and I will support it—give me a constitution that embraces the whole human family in peace and love, and I will adopt it. I have no country less than the world—no fewer countrymen than all mankind. Enslave a human being, and you enslave my countryman—and let me condemn the outrage of the United States on Mexico as ever so murderous and cruel—what will it avail me if I declare that my love to my country demands me to voluntarily join those atrocious Barbarians in the murder of my countrymen? Let thieves, robbers and murderers go on in their iniquity, but for Christianity's sake—for humanity's sake—for shame sake let those who profess to be Christians—those who profess to labor for the good of the race—those that would presume to call themselves men—stand back—and not only refuse to assist in any way, in such inhumanity—but oppose it as truth always opposes error.

S. N. LOGUE.

Marlborough 8th mo., 10th, 1846.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—I am a stranger to you, but I believe it to be my duty to communicate a few incidental facts that have transpired here. Pursuant to notice, a number of Liberty friends convened in Cadiz, Harrison county, to celebrate the first of August. The meeting was addressed by Professor T. B. Hudson.

The speaker went into a brief examination of the benefits arising from the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, &c. In the course of his remarks, he said—"when the British people began to agitate the slavery question, the office seekers had to do something for the liberation of the slaves to get into office; for," said he, "such men will do anything to secure their offices;" and I think this quite as applicable to Liberty party men as to the British office seekers. He complained bitterly that the sentiments of Dr. Bailey should be charged to the Liberty party; that the Anti-Slavery Bugle had charged them with being a war party, and said that it was a FOUL SLANDER; and that those men and women up in Salem, Columbiana county, who conduct that paper, knew at the time, that they were circulating slanderous reports.

The Advocate has stopped, and its former editor has given it up as dead; but Hudson is going to raise it—if he can, which is doubtful. It may live a short time. The meeting was not large,—the Court-House I suppose was about two-thirds full. It was rather a dull one, in my opinion, for it really lacked the animating spirit so commonly manifested in Disunion and genuine Anti-Slavery meetings. The strong position the members of this meeting took, with respect to the war, is not originally their own; for it is believed they were driven to it by the position of the Disunionists, and they feared they would be left behind among the other Pro-Slavery parties if they did not adopt some such measure. But now, if the Disunionists will but stand firm to the contest, all will be right.—Despair not, for we are gaining ground.—Push them on, for they are beginning to show signs of uneasiness, and they will have to run into expediency for shelter.

Yours for Freedom,

ALPHA.

August 2d, 1846.

HILLSBORO, Aug. 3rd, '46.

Saml. Lewis in Highland County.

We have had Mr. Lewis with us—his meeting appeared to me an exceedingly dry affair, and notwithstanding the reputation of the speaker, and the fact of this being one of the strong holds of Methodism, was not so large, certainly not so enthusiastic, as the meetings of Walter C. Yancy, the colored Liberty Party lecturer, in the spring of '44.

From some inexplicable cause, Lewis seemed cramped and could scarcely get up steam enough to propel matters ahead with any degree of energy. He rather condescendingly and somewhat egotistically vaunted himself as an Abolitionist, just as though it conferred honor on the cause to lend it the patronage of a great man, when just the reverse is the fact; for the cause cannot receive lustre from any man, but ever imparts its lustre to every name however great. He did not come out with the unaffected simplicity of Garrison and exclaim,

"I am an Abolitionist,
I glory in the name,"

but gave his professions more of the vaunting air we are accustomed to see in class-meetings, than anything else I could think of.

He disclaimed in a hurried manner, having any intention to war on the Constitution or the churches, and if I understood him, classed those with Infidels who did. Admitted there was ten times too much legislation in the country, and yet, I suppose, felt horrified lest Disunion doctrines should result in the abrogation of human laws; for you know they ring that charge against us through the country, being pushed for something to say. Admitted, if I understood him, that the Constitution allows the slaveholder to come to the free States and catch his slave if he can, and yet lends that document his hearty support. Admitted that the 3d clause was introduced by express understanding to get the South to let the North have a navigation act—thus giving a premium on negro-breeding, and yet recognizes the deed as pious, by meekly acting under it. Admitted that the support of slavery was the moral power of the free States, and yet is laboring to array against it the political power of those States, while the moral power is to a considerable extent, given the go by, and finally spoke of John P. Hale as being of the Liberty party, &c.

Your's for the slave,

WM. LYLE KEYS.

COLUMBIA, 8th month, 13th, 1846.

Dear Friends and Editors of the Bugle:

Having had the satisfaction of witnessing for the last two evenings the exhibition of some of the students of the High School, conducted by Hiram S. Gilmore in Cincinnati, I thought it due to the friends of Humanity and to those colored persons who may be induced to avail themselves of the opportunity that this institution affords, to those who apply themselves, to become useful members of society, and show to the world, by actual demonstration, that the colored man has an intellect capable of expanding and reaching any attainment in proportion to its cultivation, little, if any, inferior to that of the Anglo-American. The exhibition was held in the house belonging to the Second Presbyterian Society, (New School), and was pretty well attended both nights, considering there was a very large circus in town, which, of course, created great excitement, and drew off, no doubt, many who probably would otherwise have attended. Our fellow-citizen, and co-worker in the cause of Humanity, appears to be well qualified for the station he occupies. His arrangements for the exercises were good, and good order was maintained; the students were neatly dressed, and appeared very modest and orderly; they spoke and sung with promptness not often excelled by those not unctured with African blood, and who have had the most favorable advantages. All with whom I have conversed that were present, speak with delight and pleasure of the occasion. They start this morning for Wooster; from thence they expect to go to other places in the northern part of Ohio. I hope they will be greeted with full audiences, for I think this one of the most efficient means of breaking down that wicked prejudice that degrades the colored man to the condition of a boot-black, and even a brute.

I remain yours for Humanity, in haste,

WARREN W. POLLARD.

Extract of a Letter.

"Success to the Bugle. Its blasts will tell so long as Truth is its mouth-piece.—Your too-total position is the true one—it will secure the favor of the Eternal. Let the true hearted come into the right position and the church will be constrained to take her position. Already her chaplains are erecting the cross in juxtaposition with the stars and stripes—the dove seeking protection from the American vulture—fit emblem of the future destiny of the American pro-slavery, war-sustaining church."

JOHN SMITH.

Mecca, Trumbull co.

Parker Pillsbury.

We were called on yesterday, by this true-hearted friend of the slave. It occasions us pain and mortification that we were so busy as scarcely to be able to treat him with civility. He is of that devoted, self-sacrificing class of Reformers, of whom the world is not worthy—whom it now reviles and persecutes—but for whom posterity shall build monuments and garish sepulchres. Mr. Pillsbury continued his journey last evening, to his home in New Hampshire.—Pitts. Eve. News.

From Nauvoo.—Order again reigns at Nauvoo. The prisoners on both sides have been released. There has been no more house-burning or lynching, but hundreds of acres of fine crops remain unharvested, and will be almost entirely lost to the owners.—They were all round searching for field hands, and offered very high prices.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, AUGUST 21, 1846.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

An Appeal.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle has commenced its second volume, and now numbers more than 1300 subscribers, averaging 100 for every month it has been published. The first year of its existence it was sustained in part by the payments of subscribers, and the deficiency was made up by contributions principally from some five or six individuals. It must, however, be obvious to all that in order to push forward the Anti-Slavery cause, all the contributions that can be obtained must hereafter be used to pay the expenses of lecturing agents, and that the Bugle must be sustained by other means than by using a single dollar of those contributions. Such arrangements have therefore been made, and hereafter no donations will be used to sustain the Bugle, but they will all be applied to the support of agents.

Three hundred more subscribers will be required to make the subscription list meet the expenses of its publication. Double this number can be obtained in three weeks time if the readers of the Bugle will perform their duty—a duty which they should by no means neglect. The entire expense of publishing the paper, that is not borne by the subscribers, falls upon one individual who is now paying between \$30 and \$40 per month out of his own pocket to sustain the paper.—How long do the abolitionists of the West wish this individual to incur this monthly expense to sustain the Bugle, and keep lecturing agents in the field? How many of you understand that you can do something to aid the paper besides paying for the one which you receive, by getting others to take it!—Almost every day I am told by readers of the Bugle, that they could get some subscribers for it, but as they were not named as agents, they did not know that it was expected that they should meddle in this matter.

Now, my dear friends, each one of you who reads the Bugle, is authorized and requested to get all the subscribers you can (who, you suppose, will pay for it within the year) and send on their names to the publishers. I have this proposition to make—that is, for each and all of you to go to work for one week, and obtain a subscriber within one week from the time this reaches you, and send on his or her name, and then examine the state of your own feelings, and see if you are not happier for having performed this small amount of anti-slavery labor.

And again, will not each one of you who can afford to pay for a second copy of the paper, have it sent at your expense to some friend whom you wish to convert?

Respectfully, SAM'L BROOKE.

Important to Abolitionists.

The Publishing Committee of the Bugle, desirous of placing the paper on a firm basis and insuring punctuality in its publication and neatness in its appearance, have thought best to purchase a press and type, and establish a separate office for it. They have therefore purchased from J. H. Painter and B. B. Davis the press and other materials which have for some time past been used in printing the paper. This arrangement at its commencement is necessarily somewhat expensive, the cost of the office being about \$500. To meet this, the Committee have concluded upon the following plan:

1st. That the amount be divided into twenty shares of \$25 each.

2d. That interest shall be allowed on the money paid in each share, if the purchaser signifies, at the time of purchasing, his desire to receive it.

3d. That the Committee hold themselves bound to redeem the stock within one year after the holder has paid in his last installment, or at the end of any subsequent year.

4th. That the Committee reserve the right to buy in the stock whenever they feel disposed to do so.

5th. That the Press, Type and fixtures shall be placed by the Committee in the hands of a Trustee to be used by him for printing the Anti-Slavery Bugle, and such other work as the Committee deem desirable.

Are there not persons enough among the patrons and friends of the Bugle, who are able, and who will be willing to take stock in the office to the amount above stated?—We believe there are, and we hereby appeal to such for aid. The investment will be a safe one, and though perhaps not profitable in a pecuniary sense, we feel a confidence that our friends will not be slow to come to our assistance, even if some sacrifices is to be made in doing so.

The first payment upon the office, being one half the whole amount, is to be made about the 1st of October, the balance to be paid in two separate installments on the first of January and April next.

It is desirable that an amount sufficient to meet the first payment should be received from those who purchase stock, by the time it becomes due. If any, however, who are

willing to take shares are unable to pay in their proportion, so soon as October, this need not be made an objection to their purchasing. The committee can probably borrow money to supply any deficiency which may exist at the time of making the first payment.

We hope to hear from our friends soon.—We shall give notice from time to time of our success in obtaining purchasers of stock.

JAS. BARNABY, Jr.

An Incident.

Many of us have undoubtedly a very inadequate idea as to the depths of ignorance which prevail in the South in relation to the true character of slavery. The very fact of being born in its midst, familiarized with the sight of it from infancy, and taught to consider it, if an evil at all, one which is necessary to the prosperous existence of a nation, must tend to deceive and blind those who are thus situated. Add to this, the fact that abolition has been a hated and forbidden subject in the South, that in order to keep anti-slavery sentiments from the people, mails have been robbed, books expurgated and men lynched, and we have no difficulty in understanding why so many there, are living in such ignorance in relation to their duty towards their fellow men. Hundreds have yet to give the first thought to the subject, the first word has not yet been spoken in their hearing which is calculated to awaken inquiry.

An incident recently occurred which illustrates what we have been saying. A friend of ours who was travelling on a canal boat in Pennsylvania, found among her fellow passengers a sociable and intelligent woman, whom, in the course of her conversation, she discovered to be a slaveholder. We do not remember how many slaves she had, but among them was a girl who was quite intelligent and pretty. Our friend inquired if this one was married. "Oh, no," replied the slaveholder, "you know slaves can't marry," not appearing to feel or understand that that must indeed be a terrible system of oppression and pollution which thus tramples under foot the marriage relation, and keeps asunder those whom God in his love designed to unite. "There was, however, a young Frenchman," continued the Southerner, "who became very fond of her and used to frequent my house. I told him it would not do, that if he wanted the girl he must take her away. This he concluded to do, so I let him have her for \$15 a month." Our friend was so shocked that she made no reply, for she was not accustomed to hear of young women being hired out to licentious men at so much per month, and that too by those of their own sex who stand well in society and claim to be of the first respectability. The slaveholder did not seem to be aware that she had said anything out of the common way, the transaction seemed to her an innocent one, just as proper as any other dollar and cent trade. After the lapse of some time, our friend, who had occasion to use a pencil, borrowed one of a young girl, a daughter of this Southerner. It was a handsome gold pencil, and when she returned it, inquired its cost. "Ten dollars," said the child. "Ten dollars," repeated our friend, turning to the mother, "the cost of two-thirds of a month's prostitution!" The woman looked as though a thunder bolt had fallen at her feet. "The cost of two-thirds of a month's prostitution!" These words presented her actions in a different light, it opened to her a new store of thought, it weakened, if it did not break, the spell in which slavery had bound her. She went to her home a wiser, and we trust a better woman. We hope the lesson she received will never be forgotten, and that the emancipation of those she has doomed to prostitution and woe, will be among its first fruits.

Hard Pushed.

We think the advocates of Liberty party are indeed hard pushed when they speak of John P. Hale as their nominee for the Presidency. What has become of "Birney the Just!" Where are the thousand and one Liberty party men whose intellectual and moral worth gave them a fitting claim to the Presidential chair? Are they gone, all gone? What inducement is it that causes Liberty party to turn away from its own children, and seek in the ranks of the Independent Democrats a Presidential nominee? John P. Hale is not of that party, then why should its advocates speak of him as being suitable for their candidate?

We will venture to mention one or two things which seem to us to have had some influence in bringing about such a state of affairs. The party in New Hampshire has sacrificed its principles, and measures its numerical strength by the votes polled by the Independent Democrats. It has asserted that the Independents have become identified with itself, that Hale is in fact a kind of an ex-officio Liberty party man. Such is the state of affairs in New Hampshire, and it is probable that the Independent Democrats, if they vote all at the Presidential election will vote for the founder and leader of their party, John P. Hale. Now it must be confessed it would look rather strange on the one hand, for two Liberty party candidates to be in the field, John P. Hale of New Hampshire, and L. L. Rice of Ohio, for instance; or on the other hand to have a very much diminished vote for their ticket in the former State, after

boasting that their strength had increased there eighty per cent! Or perhaps they think if they nominate Hale, all the Independent Democrats would vote for him, while all of their own party would of course sustain the party nominee. The vote of the New Hampshire Independents would do a good deal in appearing to counterbalance the decrease of their real strength in that State and elsewhere. We shall doubtless see a full development of the policy of the party ere long, should not the party itself become fully developed first.

It has been appropriately said that all the charges pro-slavery brings against the Abolitionists, while false of them is true of itself, & this is partly or wholly so of Liberty party: We have been denounced by that party for dragging on to the Anti-Slavery platform the woman question, non-resistance, &c., while the fact is, these charges were made with the same truth, sincerity, and earnestness with which the pilferer cries "stop thief!"

Extraneous Topics.

At the 4th of July celebration at Madison, a Liberty committee invited a speaker to bring his peace doctrines upon the anti-slavery platform; and in the last No. of the Cleveland American is an essay upon Non-resistance, two columns and a half in length, from the pen of Q. F. Atkins, whose name and unfair dealing our readers know something about. A more ridiculous attempt at clerical usefulness we have seldom seen. The most beautiful precepts of Christianity are perverted in order to subvert the purposes of the writer. He would fain make his readers believe that the non-resistance of the Bible is a passive yielding to evil, a silent assent to wickedness and oppression, a quiet submission to the "powers that be," rather than that active and unyielding contest with sin and iniquity which was ever maintained by Jesus and his followers. "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you," is a scripture text which we hope our non-resistant friends will remember when they meet Q. F. Atkins.

Liberty party on the Reserve, of whom this Atkins is a representative, has found that it cannot successfully meet the Disunionists on the anti-slavery platform, so its advocates are dragging in extraneous topics in order to divert the public attention and array the prejudices of the people against them, on account of some theological opinions which some of them may hold. Oh, shame on such trickery!

The writer above alluded to, appears to think that a plentiful sprinkling of epithets will answer his purpose as well as argument. Witness the following extracts:

"Erratic, new-fangled Non-RESISTANTS."
"These long-winded Non-RESISTANTS."
"These pragmatic Non-RESISTANTS."
"These quarrelsome Non-RESISTANTS."
"These pugacious Non-RESISTANTS."
"These Utopian REFORMERS."
"These wayward Non-RESISTANTS."
"These wild PROPAGANDISTS."
"These visionary THEORISTS."
"These baleful METEORS."
"A junio of Infidel Disunionists."

Disgusting.

A few weeks since we published an account which S. S. Foster gave of the arrest of himself and wife on the Reserve. Speaking of the constable, he says:

"He directed the young men to put me into his wagon; but no sooner had they seized me than my wife, who was sitting by, threw her arms around my neck, remarking that though it was their business to separate husbands and wives in the South, they could not do it here."

Q. F. Atkins, an honored leader of Liberty party, alluding to the same circumstance, uses the following language. "Clinging together with all your strength like a cluster of hateful, obscene bales, when about to enter upon their wintry state of torpidity."

Some of the friends of Liberty party in this section have felt very much grieved because Parker Pillsbury, in a letter to the Liberator, spoke of the unprincipled, reckless and oppressive character of some of the members of that party. We have heard great complaint from various quarters. But when Parker Pillsbury, or any other Disunionist, shall select the spontaneous outpouring of the noblest and purest feelings of the human heart as a fit subject upon which to display a coarse and vulgar wit—when seeing some persecuted man and his wife in that party make some manifestation of the affection which unites them, he shall liken them to hateful, obscene bales clinging together, we think there will be some cause for censure.

RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.—The bill providing for the erection and repair of light-houses, building of breakwaters, improvement of harbors both on the Atlantic and Lake coasts, and the freeing of rivers from obstructions to navigation, called, we believe, the River and Harbor Bill, and which had passed both Houses of Congress, has been vetoed by the President, much to the dissatisfaction of many northern Democrats. In the Senate it had more than two thirds of a majority. The Cincinnati Herald says:

"The rays were all from the Slave States, except four—Atherton of New Hampshire, Fairbank of Maine, Niles of Connecticut, and Cilley of Vermont. Mr. Cilley, the Liberty Senator, might have been found in better company."

Trouble in the Camp.

A writer in the *Cleveland American* has taken Dr. Bailey to task in good set terms for some views expressed in regard to the nomination of a Presidential candidate. We give the article in another column, not because of its intrinsic worth, but as a portion of the history of Liberty party differences, which it is well to record.

We would advise the Dr. to send a detailed statement of his position to the American, for we suppose he will find it far more difficult to rest easy under such censure from a friend, than that of which he so bitterly complained from his opponents. We should think it far from pleasant, for him to have a fellow-laborer pronounce his opinion "ridiculous," to be accused of "affectation," to have his arguments replied to by a "Fudge!" to be told that his doctrine "leads to no-thing," and to be sneered at as a "philosopher," although as a kind of offset to all this, the writer assures him that he is one of those "whose election to the Presidency would do honor to the office."

Major Wm. Larimer.

We owe it in justice to the Liberty party, to say that the Major is no longer a candidate for Canal Commissioner, that being the office to which the party nominated him. It will be remembered that the Major volunteered to go to the banks of the Rio Grande, and it was in consequence of this that his name was withdrawn. But mark you! the party took no action in the premises, none at least that we ever heard of. Had he united with the Whigs or Democrats, Liberty party would at once have stricken his name from the ticket, but as volunteering to fight the Mexicans was not half so bad, merely an error of judgment, his name was suffered to stand—very properly, we think—as the representative of the party, until he thought it expedient to withdraw it. We have not heard whether he has left the party, we should think he ought to as he has left the candidacy, for volunteering to fight Mexico is about as bad, we should think, for a private of the party, as for one of the candidates.

"EVENING NEWS."

R. C. Fleson, of Pittsburgh, has commenced the publication of a Daily, bearing the above name. It is a small sheet, but the numbers we have seen are filled with interesting matter. Some of our Liberty party exchanges we have not been long acquainted with, and the temper of some has not been tried; but of others, friend Fleson's "Spirit of Liberty" has always stood highest in our estimation. While some have descended to the basest misrepresentation, the foulest slander, the lowest slang, and cunning ambiguity, the "Spirit of Liberty" has pursued a frank, manly, and independent course. Although this paper advocates Liberty party, yet a considerable portion of it is devoted to Peace, Temperance, National Reform, technically so called, Anti-Masonry and other kindred causes. We presume the Daily will be conducted upon the same principles, and we wish its editor success in his undertaking, bating the Liberty party portion of it, and in the advocacy of that we believe him sincere and honorable.

Remarkable.

"Not one of my articles on this subject (the war with Mexico) had been suffered to appear in that paper (the Bugle)."—*Cin. Herald*.

Really, one would suppose from the tone of the Dr.'s remarks that his anti-war articles ought all to have been inserted in the Bugle, and that it was a dereliction of duty on the part of the editors of that paper not to "suffer" them to appear there. We would inform Dr. Bailey that we select for our columns such matter as we deem best calculated to advance the anti-slavery cause; and prefer copying articles written by those who have not made so great a mistake as to suppose that Gen. Taylor was on Texan ground, when his flag staff was planted on the banks of the Rio Grande, and his cannon pointed at Matamoros.

The statement on our first page that both Houses of Congress had passed a bill appropriating the two millions of dollars, asked for by the President, is incorrect. Probably some of the Washington letter writers sent on the news in advance of what they supposed would certainly occur. The bill was defeated in the Senate by Davis of Massachusetts speaking against time. He did not give way until just before midnight, when it was announced that the House had adjourned, and when the existence of the Senate was nearly closed.

DEMOTISM IS MORE JUST THAN REPUBLICANISM.—While, in this land of chains, brawling democrats are defending slavery as the corner stone of the Temple of Freedom, and holy Divines hunting up Bible texts for its sanction, intelligence comes to us that the Emperor of Russia is about abolishing it in those provinces of Russian Poland where it yet exists. Honor to the Czar for every effort he makes to elevate humanity!

Anti-Slavery Meeting.

We are requested to state that Charles Ferrel, a colored student from Oberlin, will address the people of Salem, on the subject of slavery, on Saturday evening, August 29th, at early candlelight.

"AN APPEAL."

We shall keep this article standing a few weeks, in order that none of our readers may have an excuse for not heeding its call. Another very important article will be found in to-day's paper, "Important to Abolitionists." Let us have prompt, hearty and cheering responses to both of these.

Anti-Slavery Almanac.

The American Anti-Slavery Society is about issuing an Almanac for 1847. It will contain nearly forty pages of reading matter, besides the usual calendars. When we receive it for sale, we shall inform our readers of the fact.

INTERESTING TO SOME FOLKS.—The Springfield Republic says, that the Attorney General of this State, has decided that the fifty cents commutation cannot be exacted from the people at this time, inasmuch as the commutation is in lieu of training in time of peace. This being a time of war, the militia are liable to be called on to do military duty.

Gov. SLADE of Vermont expects to remove to Ohio on the expiration of his term of office in October next. He has accepted the Presidency of the Oberlin Institute.

OREGON.—Congress has adopted a form of Government for this territory. Slavery is forever prohibited there.

The Publishers of the *Liberator* will please send a copy of that paper to Henrietta Marshall, Salem, Columbia Co. O.

Dr. A. G. Richardson of Ashor Town, will act as agent for the Bugle.

Anti-War Meetings.

We are glad to learn that the opponents of the Mexican war are holding frequent meetings in this and other neighborhoods, for the purpose of discussing that infamous business.

The resolutions passed at two of these meetings, have been forwarded us for publication.

Our friends Trescott, McMillan, Barnaby, Davis, Marshall, Dr. Thomas and others, appear to feel the importance of this branch of the anti-slavery reform, and we hope will continue to give it their attention.

At a meeting held at the Unionville Meeting House, August 9th, 1846, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the war the United States is now waging upon Mexico, is a war that justly subjects this Government to the condemnation of the world.

Resolved, That as the murderous war of aggression upon Mexico is such a deep and damning sin that no man of honor, no moralist or Christian, can innocently engage in it, therefore all engaged in, or found countenance in this horrid war, universally deserve the condemnation of all honest men.

Resolved, That James K. Polk, having shown himself ever ready to second, or originate any scheme he thought calculated to advance the slave power, shows himself to be truly a servant of the slaveholding oligarchy, and totally unfit to preside over a free people.

Resolved, That Mordecai Bartley, having obsequiously obeyed the requisition of Polk, in calling on Ohio men to fight the battles of slavery, has earned for himself the consciousness of having become a tool in the hands of slavery, to carry out the inhuman and murderous conduct of our Government against a "sister Republic."

WHEREAS, General Rolla, having shown so much alacrity to send the innocent citizens of Columbia Co. to imbue their hands in the blood of the innocent Mexicans, in order to extend the area of slavery, and to render that institution more permanent—to send our citizens to fight and die for the defense of slavery—to send them down among pistols and bowie knives, gags, thumb-screws and scourges, to steal, rob and murder, therefore

Resolved, That the natural tendency of the influence and position of General Rolla, tends to degrade the morals of Columbia Co., and his conduct is utterly repugnant to the pure principles of Democracy, and infidel to the religion of God.

An Anti-War meeting was held near the village of Mt. Union, Stark county, on Sunday, the 9th inst., which was addressed by James Barnaby and others. After which the following resolutions were passed after considerable discussion; the first unanimously, the second with three or four dissenting voices:

Resolved, That the Government of the United States, with James K. Polk at its head, in waging a war for the purpose of extending slavery, is traitorous to every principle of justice and humanity.

Resolved, That Governor Bartley, in issuing his proclamation for troops to carry on a war for the extension of slavery, is lending the influence of the State of Ohio to perpetuate the vilest crime that ever saw the sun.

Liberia.

The African Luminary, published in Liberia, that paradise for colored men, where the germ of a young republic has been planted which is destined in future ages to overshadow all Africa, diffusing the light of civilization and Christianity to the benighted tribes of that darkened continent, and where no emigrants are carried but those who are honest, industrious, intelligent and pious, each of these, according to Henry Clay—a being a Christian missionary—this African Luminary says:

"It is really too bad that the people of Liberia should suffer from a scarcity of provisions, and a soil so rich and such a genial climate. Yet already some are suffering from their indolence. Here, where a motley of labor on the part of the husbandman is crowned with superfluity, the cry of want is beginning to be heard, and we anticipate this is only the beginning of sorrow. Well, if people will be so blinded to their own interests—if they will neglect their own lands—if they will fold their arms in idleness, or waste their strength and spend their substance in foolish attempts to live more easily by the paltry traffic with the natives, we may expect, year after year, a return of these seasons."

From the *Pennsylvania Freeman*.

Our Annual Meeting.

It gives us pleasure to announce to those abolitionists of Eastern Pennsylvania who were unfortunately prevented from attending our annual meeting, and, also, to friends abroad, that the meeting was fraught with deep interest, that it betokened a healthy state of feeling in our ranks, and promised good to the cause. We wish that all our fellow laborers in this field, those who are to share with us the toils of the ensuing year, had been there to participate in its invigorating influences. A more satisfactory meeting has, perhaps, never been held by this Society. Its numbers were estimated to exceed those of the very large gathering of last year. Although this was not its most important feature, it is valuable, as it disproved the prediction, originated by the hopes of opponents, and the fears of timid friends, that the position taken by the Society at its last meeting would greatly diminish our numbers, and reduce to an unenviable minority, those who adhered to its principles. Had the developments of the present year proved the truth, instead of the falsehood, of this prediction, our confidence in the wisdom and truth of the Society's position, would have been, in no wise, diminished. But while we firmly believe that, by adherence to a righteous principle, "one may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight," we think it a cause of greater joy, when the thousands are won to the truth, and join with us in its propagation.

Not the least interesting feature of our meeting was the general harmony which prevailed in its councils. The result of the last annual meeting having determined the character and position of the Society, the stereotyped controversies needful then, to the establishment of a great principle, were not required, and the Society, having already laid "the foundation for good works," proceeded to build a fit superstructure thereon. Several fellow laborers in other States, who desired to attend our annual convocation, and give us a word of sympathy and cheer, were unable to do so. Our friend Adin Ballou, of Massachusetts, was present, and his assistance was highly valuable. The friends of the cause, at home, brought with them to the meeting those of most important requisites for carrying on a moral enterprise, warm hearts and energetic purposes.

The first session of the meeting was held in the Friends' Meeting House at Old Kennett, but the rapidly increasing audience made it necessary to adjourn to the yard around the meeting house, where, in the shade of the spreading trees, the remainder of the sessions were held. They were continued three days, and the interest was unabated to the last. The subject of raising funds for carrying on the operations of the next year, claimed the early attention of the meeting, and the result of this attention was the collection of a much larger amount, in cash and pledges, than was obtained last year. The duty of abstinence from the purchase and use of the products of slave-labor, was the topic of discussion during a considerable part of one session. It was faithfully and zealously urged by many speakers and found few opponents.

The Society did not neglect the duty of recording its testimony against the present war which our country is waging against Mexico, for the extension and perpetuation of American slavery. The opposition of a few individuals—we ought rather to say of a single individual—to the resolution proposed on this subject, did not avail to win the Society from its integrity, or to blind its eyes to the true character and design of this infamous war; a character so plainly inscribed upon it from its commencement, that he who runs may read it.

That theory of expediency, as it is sometimes termed, which denies the existence of abstract right and wrong, and of any immutable moral principle—a theory as morally pernicious as it is philosophically false—was occasionally advanced in opposition to resolutions involving some rigid principle, but it met with severe and merited condemnation and rebuke.

Our meeting closed satisfactorily and pleasantly. The parting words of our highly esteemed brother, Adin Ballou, sank deep into many a heart, and will be treasured for future use, in hours when the pleasant and healthful stimulus of anti-slavery meetings may be wanting, and the path of duty may seem wearisome and long.

From our meeting we argue good to the cause. It has doubtless roused the flagging zeal of some, and enlivened the hope and strengthened the faith of others. We need these occasional gatherings, not only for the transaction of business, but to invigorate our spirits by communion with fellow-laborers, and we come from them better fitted for renewed toil. From the spirit evinced at the meeting, we believe that the friends of the cause went from it with hearts prepared to carry into operation the measures adopted and suggested there, and to sustain the Executive Committee whom they have re-appointed as their agents for the ensuing year. That committee desire to put in operation the most extensive and efficient plans of action which the treasury of the Society will permit, and they trust that their constituents, in contributing to that treasury will remember the necessities of the cause, as set forth at our meeting, and will remember, also, how greatly they are blessed above their enslaved brethren. Will they not prove by deeds, by self-sacrificing deeds, if need be, the love they bear the captive? The work of another year lies spread out before us. Are we ready to meet it? It is not such toil as awaits our enslaved brothers and sisters, in the rice swamp, on the sugar and cotton plantation. We may faithfully meet it, or timidly shrink from it, or idly neglect it; we may do it, or leave it undone; but *they*—they must toil on, day after day, in cold and heat, in storm and sunshine, unaided and uncheered by the healthful incentives furnished to voluntary and benevolent labor, but urged onward by the relentless scourge, by the tyrant's frown. A weary lot is theirs! Let us mourn on their behalf, and address ourselves to the labors of another year, and as we rise from the contemplation, it may be that a deeper vow of self-consecration to this holy cause than we have ever yet made, will swell our bosoms and we shall go to our work, accounting it a precious privilege that we may do something for the deliverance of those who are so terribly wronged.

Hardships of the Soldier.

Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune. MATAMOROS, July 14th.

To get to Camargo, the head of steamboat navigation in ordinary stages of the river, is an easy matter, if we had plenty of boats.—But what are we to do when we get there? We still have more than two hundred miles to Monterey, and nine hundred to the city of Mexico!

I really wonder if ever the patriotic volunteers calculated how far they had to foot it, and this too without anything but what they can carry on their backs! For such I suppose must be the case, as I do not see or hear of any means of transportation being provided for them. No wagons or pack-mules! How I pity these gallant fellows who have rushed so gallantly to their country's standard, to think if they are sick, lame or wounded, by the wayside, that they must be left to die, or left to the tender mercies of these Arab Mexicans!

Because if we have not a large wagon-train we cannot carry the sick, or provisions, over those parts of the country where there is none. But they rushed there without counting the cost or risk, with the assurance that Government would provide everything, and if they suffer unnecessarily, those in power should be held accountable. I leave out of this account the poor regulars, as they have no friends, no more than the Jew in Venice! These brave fellows who fought so gallantly on the 8th and 9th of May, are left to lie out in the rains and dews like beasts of the field!

Most of them without tents, or any covering but an old blanket spread over a bush but! This is a fact, and well known to some of the Editorial gentlemen of the *Picayune*, who have been here. But a regular soldier does not complain! If he does he will be abused for a lazy and luxurious fellow, by those "in high quarters." This, then, is the gratitude of Republics! A few get all the honors, while the poor soldiers who do all the fighting may lie out to rot!

Here our hospitals are rapidly filling with sick. And why? From unnecessary exposure to the rains and dews of Heaven, and no tents to protect them. If tents cannot be had, why not quarter these brave fellows in Matamoros, while they are unavoidably kept from active operations in the field? Shall the meanest Mexican be better off than an American soldier? The Mexican army had plenty of quarters in the City, and why not ours? If this place had been taken possession of by an English or French army, does any one suppose they would not have put their troops in the City?

The hardships of war are hard enough at best, and the actual fighting is the least of it. The long marches, or the duty and exposure in camps that form the real hardships of soldiers. Then why add to these unnecessary? In a warm climate like this, with plenty of good tents, and plenty of provisions, soldiers can do very well. But these things cost something! War, however, is an expensive amusement; at least for the material if not for the personal.

A common tent costs not quite seven dollars—see army contracts—and it is intended that six men shall occupy a space covered by it of six by nine feet! Now if six soldiers should die from unnecessary exposure from the want of a tent, why the Government has of course saved the price of a tent and perhaps the pay due these men at their decease, as many have no legal representatives to claim it! This is what may be called economy in the army!

This is but one item of our wants; but I propose in a few days to give you some idea of more serious wants. They seldom pay their soldiers anything. Their higher officers are paid to keep them faithful to Government. Their soldiers have to live on raw beef and parched corn during a campaign.

As they pick up what they want by the way-side by plundering the people, they need no wagons, and only a few pack-mules for the baggage of the higher officers, and for the transportation of ammunition. An illustration example. I wonder if our Government will adopt the same plan and the same kind of subsistence for our gallant troops in their march to the "Halls of the Montezumas."

I feel considerable interest in this matter, for I think it will be rather a serious business to pack my corn on my back all the way, and I think seriously of purchasing a donkey on my "own hook," so as to be independent of Government.

As for the regulars, it is no matter, but for the volunteers, who are not accustomed to these kind of "field sports," I think they will find that soldiering is not such a "dandy employment" as some of our Congressmen would make the world believe when speaking of the regular army! But give us plenty of the materials of war, and we can soon lick the "whole universal Mexican Nation!"

Tears of the Warriors.

Louisiana resounds with lamentation and woe. Her six thousand volunteers have come home from the war and are to have no fight. Says the *New Orleans Picayune*—

"These are sad tidings, and indicate sore disappointment in the brave men who but lately left our wharf in high spirits and rejoicing in the chance of doing battle for their country."

Sad, indeed: these brave fellows are not to have the pleasure of stabbing men, ripping up women, dashing babies against the wall and spreading the blessings of widowhood and orphanage in Monterey and Saitillo and Puebla and Mexico, and by this means redoubting slavery in those fanatical cities. They will have for crocodile tears by the barrel. Let them borrow a quantity from the alligators in the bayous as they pass homeward. And don't let them forget to send on a few to the North, for the use of our taxpayers in general. Alas, alas, what glorious opportunities are we and our posterity losing of testifying our patriotism by paying the wages of the 6000 Louisiana volunteers, from now to the end of the war!

But the way in which the *Picayune* proceeds to console with these miserable men, and inquire the causes of their disappointment, is truly pathetic:

"What has caused this strange and sudden change? Have they wearied of the service so soon? Have their hearts failed them now that the army is moving towards the enemy? Has the spirit that prompted them to fly to the scene of heroic strife died within them? Has the chivalry of our fellow citizens withered in the summer's sun? or have they sickened of the duties of the camp?"

In none of these causes can we find a satisfactory explanation.

lution of the extraordinary and painful developments we have been compelled to record. What! of six thousand men who were first to take up arms at the sound of the trumpet—many of whom sacrificed their pecuniary interests, the comforts of home and the luxury of domestic affluence—not one remains to follow the banner of his country as it is borne amidst a hostile people! And these men, too, picked from the chivalry and substance of the South! There is a cause for this beyond the perils or privations of military life!

The *Picayune* proceeds to find the cause in "the supercilious insolence of an incompetent Secretary of War." But what did this supercilious insolence consist in? Simply that the northern secretary would not go to the expense of transporting these sprigs of chivalry to Monterey, when there was no probability of their being needed, and when if they were needed, the Government might not be able to command their services on account of the expiration of their term.

For our part, we argue from this return of the Louisiana volunteers that the Government is aware that there is no more fighting to do. Their plan is, having accomplished so much by Mars to carry the rest by Mammon. The army which beat Arista, at Palo Alto and the Palm Rains, is enough to face everything that is left in Mexico but the yellow fever. It will probably be pushed on to occupy Monterey, and probably Saitillo, on the elevated and healthy plain, and the rest will be done by the \$2,500,000 and Sildell.—*Chronotype*.

Inhospitality.

Mrs. General John A. Quitman of Mississippi a short time since came to Boston with her five children, as she had a perfect right to do. (Her husband is down on the Rio Grande, fighting to 'extend the area of Freedom'. She brought along a favorite and very useful slave, as Mississippi said she had also a right to do. All right, so far.—But the slave, arrived at Boston, discovered that he was a man, and concluded to improve upon his master's example by 'extending the area' of freedom a little on his own hook—so he quietly stepped out and comes up missing. All right again, so far as we can see. But one of that most loathsome of all lickspittles, a Northern toady to slavery, writes a letter to the *Commercial*, accusing somebody in Boston, without a particle of evidence to sustain the charge, of 'flagrant inhospitality,' and winding up as follows:

"It is at least due, not less to national hospitality than to common justice, to bear an emphatic testimony against this cruel outrage committed upon a meritorious and accomplished lady, the wife of a gallant officer who is periling his life for his country, and to invoke sympathy in favor of a female so peculiarly circumstanced. If it will have no other effect, it will at least put Southern travellers on their guard against such an exercise of New England hospitality to the defenceless and unprotected stranger."

OTSEGO.

"Defenceless and unprotected," you even loom! Who are you talking of? In Mississippi the slave was 'defenceless and unprotected,' but in Massachusetts both slave and mistress are protected to the uttermost. If Massachusetts had compelled the former to go back into the bondage from which he has fortunately escaped, that would have been an act of gross inhospitality, but now there has been none whatever. Mrs. Quitman has lots of cash and can hire servants to minister to her every wish, in addition to the dozens who are now earning the cash she is spending on Gen. Q.'s Mississippi plantation. But Black Tom has only his hands to get a living with, and must work hard to get along at all. Yet you talk of 'sympathy' for and 'cruel outrage' on, not him, but her. Poor ignorant Tom deserves sympathy; Mr. Q. none, except for being educated regard human beings as mere chattels and conveniences.—*Tribune*.

Rather Unpleasant.

A Col. Mitchell writes the following letter to the *Cincinnati Advertiser*. We should think the men under his command would stand a fair chance of being cured of their military fever. If they are, will it not be a case of water cure?

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, July 20, 1846.

Dear Sir:—Here we are, on this Island of sand, which is now covered with water six inches deep. The water in our tents is deep enough to float a small boat. If we had good water and dry ground I would not mind staying here a few weeks, for we have every day a fine breeze and the finest bathing you ever saw.

There are nearly two hundred of my regiment sick, but no deaths, diseases are generally the effects of bad water. I can't say when and where we shall move to next, but I sent Major Hamner to Matamoros to see the General and I am in hopes on his return we shall be permitted to strike our tents and march away. There are on this Island, and landing, about forty thousand troops: all volunteers. As anything of importance occurs, you of the bar shall hear from me. Yours truly, A. M. MITCHELL. T. J. GALLAGHER.

The following extract of a letter from a sea captain to his wife in Boston shows the wonderful certainty and celerity with which a person may travel from one point of the globe almost to its antipodes:

CANTON, April 1, 1846.

DEAREST RIE: Having scraped together enough of this world's goods to render us economically comfortable and independent during the rest of our lives, I shall resign the command of the clipper *Swordfish*, and will leave here on the 1st of May. I shall arrive in London on the 20th June: spend ten days there in arranging my business and viewing the principal objects of interest, and will then proceed to Liverpool. I shall leave that port on the glorious fourth in the Cunard steamer, and will arrive at East Boston on the afternoon of the 17th. You will, therefore, have a carriage ready for me on that day; and by the way, do not forget to have some boiled salmon, green peas, and new potatoes on the table for dinner, at 5 P. M. precisely.

The captain did arrive here on the day he calculated, and had the pleasure of dining on fresh salmon, with suitable fixings, precisely at five. A century ago the captain would have been indicted for a wizard.—*Boston Post*.

GREAT FIRE AT LAPRAIRE—200 HOUSES DESTROYED.—The *Montreal Times* of the 6th, contains the particulars of a most destructive fire at Lapraire, at the junction of the Sorel and St. Lawrence, about ten miles above Montreal, on Wednesday night, by which the greater part of the town was reduced to ashes. It is supposed to have originated in a blacksmith's shop, about half past 7 P. M., but from what cause has not yet been ascertained. From the strong south-westerly breeze which prevailed, the flames quickly communicated all round, and continued until five o'clock this morning (11th). 300 houses were consumed, and between three and four hundred families deprived of house and shelter.

A correspondent of the *New York Mirror* tells the following tall story:

"To return to Ibrahim Pacha, who is at the present time at Manchester. Ibrahim is a great observer, and he has gone on a tour of observation into our manufacturing districts. He has nothing escape his notice.—At Birmingham, on Monday, there was a penny showman exhibiting the skeleton of a whale, Ibrahim and his suite entered the establishment conducted into the whale's belly. The illustrious visitors wished to retire, but could not; the showman was not to be found. The worthy functionary had hastened to the platform of his vehicle, and thus addressed the people below: 'Now's your time, ladies and gentlemen, to walk up; I've got the King of Egypt and all his Prime Ministers in the whale's belly, and they can't find their way out.' In a moment the people rushed up the steps of the caravan, and Ibrahim was nearly overwhelmed with the populace."

Wayward Fortune.—In one of the markets of this city, says the *New York Sun*, may be seen a middle-aged woman, whose history is full of interest. She is a younger daughter of a titled English aristocrat, whose estate is valued at \$25,000 per annum. She was brought up in luxury, fell in love with and married her father's groom, was turned out of house and home, and obliged to fly from her country to avoid her father's vengeance. She passed through many trials which rend the heart, in her career from wealth to poverty. She is now selling fruit in a New York market. A strange commentary on English customs. Verily, "truth is stranger than fiction."

How the People are Robbed.—The *St. Louis* is New Era states that it will cost the Government \$53 per barrel for every barrel of Pork; and \$19 70 cents for every sack of Flour sent to Santa Fe via Fort Leavenworth, to supply the army there; and at this rate it will cost \$1,500 per day to supply 1090 men with meat and bread alone. Brother working men of the North, let's stop this. Slavery isn't worth half so much to us as it costs; and we're paying for all this. Let these slaveholding spongers steal some territory for themselves. We've paid the piper long enough.—*Evening News*.

No Rains in Peru.—It never rains in Peru. The vapors, as they ascend from the sea, are attached to the summits of the Cordilleras, where they are condensed into showers. But on the side of coast, which lies between the sea and the base of those stupendous mountains, the rain never falls. All agriculture is the result of artificial irrigation. But the frequent and full streams, flowing from the Cordilleras, make this comparatively easy.—*Cour. Jour. Com.*

General Taylor appears to be no fool. He is said to have remarked, on hearing that some ninnies had nominated him for the Presidency, that he "always was opposed to the elevation of soldiers to the Presidency;"—"that they have no business in a civil office of so much responsibility." Certainly—why should a wholesale murderer be made President, while a retailer in the business is hanged?—*Free News*.

Anti-Slavery Meeting.

Benjamin S. and J. Elizabeth Jones will hold a meeting at Jacob Dutton's, one and a half miles west of New Garden, on Saturday and Sunday, September 12th and 13th, commencing at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and 10 on Sunday forenoon.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

E. P. Bassett of Ravenscroft, H. H. Hatch and others, will hold Anti-Slavery Meetings at Charleston, Portage county, on Saturday and Sunday, August 22d and 23d. At Lowellville, Trumbull county, Saturday and Sunday, August 29th and 30th. At Canfield, Mahoning county, Saturday and Sunday, September 5th and 6th.

At each of the above meetings previous to the one at Canfield, meetings will be appointed for the unoccupied time of the subsequent week for H. H. Hatch, who will be accompanied by some one else.

SAML. BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

S. S. and A. K. Foster will hold meetings at the following places:

Franklin, Portage co., Saturday afternoon and Sunday 22d and 23d.
Granzer, Medina co., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday 25th, 26th and 27th.
Medina, Medina co., Saturday and Sunday, 29th and 30th.
Wadsworth, Medina co., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3d, 4th, and 5th.

The above meetings will commence at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

NOTICE.

SAMUEL LAWIS will address the citizens of Columbiana county, at Hanoverton, on Monday, the 7th September, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Let the friends and enemies of emancipation come and hear, and then determine to act for the deliverance of the slave.

August 4th, 1846.

Will you please insert the above in the Bugle, and oblige Yours, J. HEATON.

FOR SALE.

BY J. ELIZABETH JONES. A few copies of "Thoughts on the Death Penalty" by C. C. Burleigh. Also a few copies of "Christian Non-Resistance," by Adin Ballou. "LIBERTY CAP." Just received a beautiful little book for children, by Eliza Lee Follen. Price 3 cts.

POETRY.

For the A. S. Bugle.

The following lines were written while sitting at a Hotel window in Pittsburgh, upon seeing a pale, sooty faced mechanic on the opposite side of the street, hoist a window and very carefully and tenderly place a little flower pot upon the blackened sill.

TO A FLOWER.

Poor little one! Is this the ban of Fate!
Hard lot, mid soot and dust to wear away
Thy life! must thou ne'er know the minstrelsy
Of the bright choir that tune their sweetest notes

When fairy hands are nimbly gathering
Gems which the night has scattered, and the sun's
First rays illumine? Must it be never thine
To pour the incense of thy heart upon
The morning air, and drink from zephyr's
breath

Fresh beauty, health, and rich perfume! Alas!
Thy lonely being ne'er may know the sweets
So freely shed upon the wild wood flower,
That all unnoticed, blooms on its lonely bed.
The breeze doth fan it, and the nectar'd dew
Refresh it, and the vernal sun doth teach it
How to spread its crown of richest dyes
Whilst thou from nature's pure, inviting
breast

Art banished, and compelled to wear thy
young
Existence out mid the dark prison walls
That now cast over thee a dismal shade.

Yet cheer thee, pale one, for not useless all
Is thy meek life. I saw a human form
Bend o'er thee fondly, and inhale thy breath
As in it lived a balm for his sick soul.
Again he bent, and as he rose, his face
Had lost a shade of sadness it had worn.

Then mourn not at thy lot, for lofter ones
Oft want the power that in thy being dwells
To lead the o'erburdened heart awhile from
care.

And with a mystic spell to elevate
And purify, and soften rugged souls.
It is enough to live for, to make bright
One little nook of human life, by care
And woe, and ceaseless toil all shadowed
o'er.

A noble destiny is thine! I almost
Envy thee, all lowly as thou art.

Mariboro.

HONOR TO LABOR.

From the German—By Mary Howitt.

Who'er the ponderous hammer wields—
Who'er compels the earth to flourish—
Or reaps the golden harvest fields,
A wife and little ones to nourish;
Who'er guides the laden bark—
Or, where the mazy wheels are turning,
Toils at the loom till after dark,
Food for his white-haired children earning;

To him be honor and renown!
Honor to handiwork and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down!
In crowded mills or lonesome village!
All honor to the plodding swain
Who holds the plow—he's too awarded
To him who works with head and brain,
And starves!—pass him not unregarded.

Whether in chambers close and small,
Mid musty tomes be fancy smothered—
Or of the trade the bondage thrall,
He drams writes, or songs for others;
Or whether he for wretched pay,
Translates the stuff which he despises—
Or, learning's self, put day by day,
Dunce coops through classic exercises:

He also is a prey to care,
To him 'tis said, 'Beg thou or borrow!'—
Gry grows betimes his raven hair,
And to the grave pursues him sorrow!
With hand compulsion and with need,
He like the rest must strive and grind;
And his young children's cry for bread
Maims his free spirit's glad aspiring.

Al! such a one to me was known;
With heavenward aim his course ascended;
Yet, deep in dust and darkness prone,
Care, cold care, his life attended.
An exile, and with bleeding breast,
He groaned in his secret trial;
Wafted round him to long unrest,
And gaudied to bitter self-denial.

Thus heart-sick, wrote he line on line,
With hollow cheek and eye of sadness;
While hyacinth and leafy vine
Were fluttering in the morning's gladness.
The thronging song and nightingale,
The soaring lark hymed joy ascending—
While thought's day laborer, worn and pale,
Over his weary book was bending.

Yet though his heart sent forth a cry,
Still strove he for the great ideal;
For this, 'mid he, 'is poetry,
And human life this fierce ordeal!
And when his courage left him quite,
One thought kept his heart alive in,
I have preserved my honor bright,
And for my dear ones I am striving!

At length his spirit was subdued!
The power to combat and endeavor
Was gone; and his heroic mood
Came only fitfully, like fever.
The Muse's kiss, sometimes at night
Would set his pulses wildly beating;
And his high soul soared toward the light,
When night from morning was retreating.

He long has lain the turf beneath:
The wild winds through the grass are
sighing:

No stone is there, no mourning wreath,
To mark the spot where he is lying.
Their faces swollen with weeping, forth
His wife and children went—God save
them!

Young paupers, heirs to night on earth,
Save the pure name their father gave them!

All honor to the plodding swain
That holds the plow—he's too awarded
To him who works with head and brain,
And starves—pass him not unregarded!
To toil all honor and renown!
Honor to handiwork and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills and lonely village!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Truth in Parable.

The beautiful simplicity of Truth and the irresistible force with which it sweeps away the "refuge of lies" by which men seek to justify the most gigantic Wrong, were never more beautifully illustrated than in the following story from the pen of Mrs. Folger. Do you dare to call yourself a Christian while you countenance the present War against Mexico? Read and blush!—*Tribune.*

From the Child's Friend.

THE CRANBERRY PASTURE.

"What is the matter with your eye, Frank?" said his father to a stout, frolicsome-looking boy about twelve years of age.

"Only a little bruise, father: nothing of consequence. But we have had prime fun this afternoon, and given it pretty well to the Mexicans."

"What do you mean?" said his father, "I hope you have not been fighting."

"I will tell you, father, all about it; but I suppose you will hear of it, at any rate; for Mr. Lucas, the Abolitionist, says he means to come and tell you the whole story, and you had better know the truth beforehand."

"Well, Frank," said his father, "I hope you will tell me the whole truth; for this I know, I shall hear it from Mr. Lucas."

"You see, father, we boys some of us went yesterday afternoon to the Cranberry Pasture, which you know you had a dispute about with Mr. Brown, and which you took possession of this Spring, by putting a fence round it. You know that little creek in it, which you said you ought to have, and that it really belonged to the pasture, but which Mr. Brown, who once owned the whole, says is still his, and that he will not give it up, and that Mr. Flint cheated him out of the rest; well, you see, when we went up there, and saw how awkward it looked, we thought we would just put up some stakes round this little nook, just as you had round the rest of the pasture, and notch your initials on them to see what old Brown would say, and call it ours. And when autumn comes, we can gather all the cranberries; for Mr. Flint, of whom you had the pasture, says it ought to be yours, and that he always called it his and gathered the cranberries if he could, but that Mr. Brown was obstinate about it, and would not give it up. While we were putting up the stakes yesterday, we heard Mr. Brown's boys, the little darkeys, or Brownies, as we call them, calling out to us to go off of their ground, as they called it, but we only laughed at them, and said it was our land and not theirs, and dared them to come on to it, or to touch us, or move the stakes which we were putting up. They looked at us, but kept their distance, and said nothing, but they went off and called the boys from the next house, their cousins you know, and then we saw all their woolly heads put together planning what they should do to us. We came home soon after we had taken possession, determining that we would go to-day in force, and give them a flogging if they dared to touch the post we had put down. So we all five went to-day, after school, and there we found all eight of the Brownies on the ground. All the stakes were pulled up, and there they were with sticks ready to fight us if we came on to their ground, as they called it. Well, you see, father, there was nothing for us to do but to defend ourselves. We could not help fighting, so we chose John, captain, and called ourselves the Americans, and the Brownies the Mexicans, and we went at it like good fellows. We got sticks as well as they; but though there were only five of us, and eight of them, we had the advantage of them, for we took care to keep ourselves cool, and we dodged their blows, and took care to hit them on their heads, and on their arms, so as to disable them, but they got mad, and you know they are all rather small, and don't know how to fight, and then people of their color are used to being beaten, and at last they began to run, and then we chased them to the ditch that runs all round the father's little farm, and they were frightened that only two or three of the strongest of them stopped to jump over; all the rest tumbled headlong in, and there we left them floundering in the mud. You never saw anything look so funny as they did. Then we put up our stakes again, and came home in triumph. John was as brave as Julius Caesar; he fought with two or three of them at a time; Tom lost one of his front teeth in the fight, by a stone, and he feels rather foolish; but we have had a glorious time, and have shown that we are brave fellows and are worthy of the name of true Americans."

Mr. Lucas heard his son all through without interrupting him. At last when he had finished, he asked him if he thought he had done right to these poor colored boys. Frank did not reply for some time. At last he said, "Father, I should not think you would say we had done wrong. You know you said you thought that the Americans were right in going into the Mexican territory and taking possession of it; and that you were glad that they had taken Matamoros, and that you thought that the man who illuminated his office on the night when we heard of the victory, showed his patriotism. We were only playing a Mexican War; those colored boys are cowards just like the Mexicans, and we ought to be brave like the Americans. You have often said that we ought to have that nook in our cranberry pasture, and that we should never have any peace with Mr. Brown until he gave it up. You know that whenever we went to pick cranberries we always got into a quarrel with the boys; for it was very vexatious to hear them say that you have no right to any of the pasture, for that it was stolen from them; in short, father, I think you ought to praise us for what we have done. We have settled the difficulty forever, I guess; for I don't believe they will venture to meddle with us any more; and you can have the whole field if you will for your own, and upon your own terms."

Frank's father was silent; the most unprincipled men will sometimes shudder when they see the hateful form of their own sins in their children. He saw that by taking possession of questionable property he had taught his children to disregard the rights of others; that by approving of the Mexican War, he had given his boys a lesson in injustice, meanness and cruelty, and he felt that any censure from him would have no effect upon his son. He knew not what to say, and was silent. Presently Captain John came in with various bruises on his face, and Tom with his handkerchief to his mouth to hide the loss of a tooth. They saw their father look displeased, and were aware that the afternoon's story had been related to him.

The mother of the boys, who had been silent during the whole conversation between Frank and his father, now said—

"Boys, as your father is silent, I must say to you and him what is in my mind, and what it is very painful to me to say. I think your father was very wrong in praising such a wicked thing as the War with Mexico—I think it is vile and vindictive beyond all words to tell, and I was grieved to my soul from the first that your father's political views stood so in the way of his seeing what was just and noble. You have fairly acted out the principle of this War, which is robbery, falsehood and cruelty. You have, like the American Government, been guilty of tyranny and avarice and meanness. You have used your superior powers to oppress the weak, and rob those already poor and friendless. I cannot but hope that your father, when he sees these principles acted out by his children will also see how hateful they are, and be cured of his admiration of the Mexican and of all other wars, and will never again rejoice at the success of wickedness and the death of his fellow men. He has known that I disagreed with him, that I thought him wrong, but I should not have said this to you if I did not think it a solemn duty which I owe you, to say what I think about the crimes of our Government and of your wickedness in committing the same offense against our innocent and excellent neighbors, the Brownies. I shall never cease to entreat your father to give up the cranberry pasture to Mr. Brown, who claims it as his own rightful property. I am ashamed of my sons, that they can commit robbery and cruelty, and then boast of the act, and talk of your sons intended so seriously to injure any one of these poor boys, and I thought that if they knew all the pain and injury they had done, they would never again have the heart to commit such cruelty; but their violation of the law of right would have been just as great had not serious injury followed. I could not believe, sir, that you would approve of this cruel conduct of your sons, and I thought you would wish to make what reparation is possible to the poor Brownies."

The father of these boys who had shown themselves such apt scholars in the art of wrong-doing, had been looking steadfastly on the floor while Mr. Lucas spoke; he now broke silence: "I," said he, "I only have to be to blame; my boys have perhaps been too ready to learn evil, but I have been their teacher—I, from whom they should have learned only good; but I will do the best to remedy my fault. Had their mother always spoken to them and to me as she has to-day, her higher and purer moral sense would perhaps have taken hold of their minds and my own before now. Her unwillingness to condemn their father has kept her silent; she has loved me and my favor more than her children or her own sense of right, or she would have rebuked my conduct before now; but the words she has uttered shall not be in vain; henceforward I will bid my boys learn justice and humanity from their mother, and they may be good scholars; I will myself be a learner with them. I confess to-day I feel ashamed of my politics, ashamed of my injustice."

That very hour he went with Mr. Lucas to see the poor little boy who was so much injured by his fall; he promised to pay all the expenses of the physician and nurse; he begged the forgiveness of the little fellow and his parents for himself and his sons; he gave up all the right to the cranberry pasture which he had obtained by purchase, to Mr. Brown, as a compensation for the injury he and his sons had done him.

For that our country, steeped as it is in iniquity, might follow his example and repent of her sins.

E. L. F.

From the Boston Courier.

Law of Kindness—Remedy for Crime.

There is a great hope for the philanthropist in the tendencies of the public mind. Love—another name for Christianity, whose spirit it is—the only remedy for moral evil—Force may restrain and control the incorrigible and dangerous; it cannot reform. Kindness and sympathy alone regenerate the heart. Mrs. Child, in a recent letter from New York, tells the following anecdotes, which she heard at a recent meeting of the Prison Reform Association.

Isaac T. Hopper, whose life has been one long lesson of practical benevolence, related a few highly interesting incidents that occurred while he was one of the inspectors of the Philadelphia prison. The cordial response he received from the audience at once showed how ripe the public mind is for humane and salutary changes in the treatment of criminals.

He said that Mary Norris, a middle-aged woman, who had been frequently re-committed to prison, on one occasion begged him to intercede for her, that she might go out. "I am afraid there would be some back again soon," said he.

"Very likely, I expect to be brought back soon," she said with stolid indifference of manner.

"Then where will be the use of letting that out?"

"I should like to go out. It would seem good to feel from a little while, in the open air and sunshine."

"But if these enjoy liberty so much, why do you allow yourself to be brought back again?"

"How can I help it! When I go out of prison, nobody will employ me. No respectable people will let me come into their houses. I must go to such friends as I have."

If they steal, or commit other offenses, I shall be taken up with them. Whether I am guilty or not, or of no consequence, nobody will believe me innocent. They will say, she is an old convict. Send her back to prison."

"That is the best place for her. O, yes, I expect to come back soon. There is no use in trying to do better."

Much affected by her tone of utter helplessness, Friend Hopper said, "But if I could obtain steady employment for thee, where

thou wouldst be treated kindly, and be paid for thy services, wouldst thou try to behave well?"

Her countenance brightened, and she immediately replied, "Indeed I would."

The kind-hearted inspector used his influence to procure her admission, and provided a place for her as head nurse in a hospital for the poor. She remained there more than seven years, and discharged the duties of her situation so faithfully, that she gained the respect and confidence of all who knew her.

He likewise told the story of two lads, one fifteen and the other seventeen, who had been induced by a bad father to swear falsely to gratify his own revengeful feelings. They were detected and sent to prison. When Friend Hopper saw them arrive at dusk, handcuffed and chained together, their youth and desolate appearance touched his compassionate feelings. "Be of good heart, my lads," said he. "You can retrieve this one false step if you try. You may yet be useful and respectable men." He took care to place them away from the contagion of those most hardened in vice, and from time to time he praised their good conduct, and spoke to them encouragingly of the future. After a while he proposed to the Board of Inspectors to recommend them to the Governor for pardon. He met with some opposition, but his arguments finally prevailed; and he and another gentleman were appointed to wait on the Governor. His request was granted after considerable hesitation, and then only on condition that worthy men could be found who would take them as apprentices. Friend Hopper took the responsibility, and succeeded in binding one of them to a respectable turner, and the other to a carpenter. After giving them much good advice, he told them to come to him whenever they were in difficulty, and to consider him a father. For a long time they were in the habit of spending their leisure evenings with him, and were well pleased to come in and listen to the reading of instructive books.

These brothers became respectable and thriving mechanics, married worthy women, and brought up their wives in the paths of sobriety and usefulness. In the days of their prosperity, Friend Hopper introduced them to the Governor, as the lads whom he had been so much afraid to pardon. The Magistrate took them by the hand most cordially, and thanked them for the great public good they had done by their example.

Patrick McKeever, a poor Irishman in Philadelphia, was many years ago sentenced to be hung for burglary. For some reason or other, he was reprieved at the foot of the gallows, and his sentence was changed to ten years imprisonment. He was a man of few words, and hope seemed almost dead within; but when Friend Hopper, who became inspector during the latter part of his term, talked to him in a fatherly manner, his heart was evidently touched by the voice of kindness.

After his release, he returned again to his trade, and conducted in a very sober, exemplary manner. Friend Hopper often spoke to him words of friendly cheer, and things were going on very satisfactorily, when a robbery was committed in the neighborhood, and Patrick was immediately arrested. His friend went to the Mayor, and inquired what proof there was that he committed the robbery.

"No proof; but he is an old convict, and that is enough to condemn him," was the answer.

"Nay, it is not enough," replied Friend Hopper. "He has suffered severely for the crime he did commit, and since he has shown the most sincere desire to reform, it never ought to be mentioned against him. I think I know his state of mind, and I will take the responsibility of maintaining that he is not guilty. But to his urgent representations, he received the answer, 'he is an old convict, and that is enough.'"

The poor fellow hung down his head, and said in tones of despair,

"Well, then, I must make up my mind to spend the remainder of my days in the dark prison."

"Thou wast not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?" said Isaac looking constantly in his face.

"Indeed I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and be at peace with all men. But what good will that do? They will always say, 'He is an old convict, and that is enough.'"

Friend Hopper told him that he would stand by him. He did so; and offered to be bail for his appearance. The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed like a child.

His innocence was afterwards proved, and to the day of his death he continued a virtuous and useful citizen. What would have been his fate, if no friend had appeared for him? If every human heart had refused to trust him! Kindness will do miracles; and every one should extend the restraining hand to the unfortunate criminal, and endeavor to win him back to virtue.

Letter from the North State.

You have already been informed that North Carolina is literally one vast continuous forest, with here and there a notch converted into a plantation; and with an occasional occurrence of a village dignified with the appellation of town, a few, and far between. In the country bordering on the sea board, of which that between Wilmington and Newbern is a fair specimen, this is particularly the case. Every where, until you have receded some twenty miles from the ocean, you are wading through a dense mass of pine forest deep to your horse, and lofty pine on your left hand, and pines on your right hand, except now and then, by way of variety, you find a swamp, thro' which you wallow over a corduroy road laid on the bottom. The Carolinians of the low country never throw a bridge over a run, stream, or swamp, that can possibly be forded. Hence you are sometimes brought to a full halt on your journey at one of these delectable passes after a heavy rain, with the comfortable alternative of either trying your luck at a swim, or stopping in the woods for a night or two, or wending your way back again, as you please. And should the place be fordable at the time, perhaps you may find the water up to your saddle pelt; and you are compelled to splash onwards over the submerged corduroy road, half a mile or more, laid on the bottom with split logs, the sharp corners invariably laid upwards. It is a very pleasant aquatic excursion, that same, your horse floundering and staggering among the logs beneath, and yourself and carriage, with the most persevering competition with each other, playing in the game of ground and lofty tumbling above.

In some of these swamps in the low country, you have to ford for a mile or more; and the depth and mudiness of the waters, and the unevenness and roughness of the bottom, and the cold damps which assail you, render the operation any thing but pleasant. Sometime since, a gentleman attempted to ford a swamp called Sackett, on one of the low country roads, after night fall, on horse back. Not knowing the stage of the water, he plunged in, and soon found his horse swimming for dear life. The nag not liking the incumbrance on his back, probably supposing that he could navigate as well alone, soon rid himself of his rider. The rider, however, managed to retain his hold of the bridle, and providentially finding himself "against a stump," availed himself of the precarious resting place. Contriving to obtain his saddle and saddle-bags, he placed the former on the stump for a seat, and mounted, the latter on his shoulders, and then turned the horse adrift to shift for himself. Thus out lone hero passed the night, occasionally warning the inner man with Thompson's No. 6, which he had with him, and his nether man, to his waist, immersed in the cooling stream beneath. Relief came with the morning light, but our hero declared that he had never had a lodging so uncomfortable, and at so dear a rate.

This section of country is particularly desolate, except a strip some four miles wide immediately on the coast. The land there is generally of good quality, and yields fine crops when well cultivated. From a strip of land like this, extending about forty miles northward from Wilmington, and lying east of the old Newbern road, comes nearly the entire quantity of ground peas grown in the United States for market. From that tract, and immediate vicinity, eighty thousand bushels have been carried to Wilmington market in one year. The ground pea, *alias* peanut, grows beneath the surface of the ground, as its name imports. The plant has somewhat the appearance of the common dwarf garden pea, though more bushy. It is cultivated in hills. The pea grows on tendrils which put out from the plant, and take root in the earth. The fruit is picked from the roots by hand, and the vines are a favorite food for horses, mules and cattle. From thirty to eighty bushels are produced on an acre. There are some planters who raise from one thousand to fifteen hundred bushels in a year. Passing along the road that distance, however, and noticing the few dwellings, you wonder what could induce a human being to take up his residence there; and, in fact, most of the people who reside there, and they are few indeed, have the lands they cultivate lying on the Sound below. Speaking of this sandy barren, reminds me of an anecdote.

A stranger from the north, passing through the country, had the curiosity to stop at a miserable log cabin located on one of those miserable barren spots, and inhabited by a family which appeared to be the literal personification of famine, with all her hard-gained retinue. After the usual salutations, the Yankee traveller says:

"My friend, you seem to have a barren spot."

"I reckon so," says he of the cabin.

"You raise plenty of corn, I suppose."

"I makes no corn."

"Sweet potatoes then, I guess!"

"A very sorry chance of potatoes."

"You raise a good supply of pork, then."

"No, I raise no pork."

"Plenty of game in the woods, I guess."

"A small chance of game here, stranger."

"Catch fish then, I suppose—eh?"

"No fish here."

"You have good water then."

"The water is mighty bad."

"In the name of all that's good," exclaimed the mystified and astonished Yankee, "what do you stay here for?"

"Why, stranger," replied the Carolinian, "we have a right smart chance of lightwood here, I reckon."

The secret was out. In the midst of a sandy barren, destitute of every other comfort of life but what providence might cast in his way, this man was content to linger, with a suffering faint, ostensibly because there was plenty of lightwood; but really, because he lacked the energy to get away, and was too indolent to work. By the way, however, lightwood, which abounds in the low country, is a very important article to the people of that region. It is the heart of the long leaf pine, which remains after the tree has died, and been denuded of its sap. It is entirely saturated with the pitch, and almost incorruptible. Besides its uses for sails, posts, &c., it enters largely into the household economy; and thousands of cords of it are consumed for the purpose of kindling fires, while large quantities, split into splinters, are used as a substitute for candles.

Hence its name.

"Have you long leaf pine at the north?" says the Carolinian.

"No."

"What do you do for lightwood, then," says he.

He can hardly form a notion how a family can get along comfortably through life without lightwood, any more than he could how a man could live without food. I speak, of course, of the more ignorant portion of the community. But lightwood answers still another valuable purpose. From it is made, or rather extracted, the large quantities of tar exported from this State. Probably you have never seen a tar kiln. Permit me to describe one if you please.

The lightwood is cut into lengths of three or four feet, and split into small pieces. A spot having been selected for the purpose, the top of the earth is removed, and the clay or other hard parts exposed. The excavation is made in a circular form, descending gradually from all points of the outside, to the centre. Outside, a pit is dug, and from the centre a drain is cut to communicate with it. The wood is then put in it in layers, each layer declining towards the centre, and layer upon layer gradually drawing in as you ascend, till the whole pile has assumed the sugar loaf form. The whole is then covered with turf, and ignited. The wood is reduced to charcoal; and the pitch being driven off by the process, descends into the drain, which conveys it to the pit; and thence it is ladled into barrels. If I mistake not, seventy-five cords of wood will yield about one hundred barrels of tar. On an average, at the kiln, the tar is not worth more than about one dollar per barrel, including the barrel itself.

Hence you may form some estimate of the value of lightwood. In this region it is made nearly all the immense quantity of tar consumed in the United States, and that exported hence to Europe. You may well come to the conclusion, therefore, that there is a right smart chance of lightwood there."

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During the six weeks vacation of the Cincinnati High School, commencing August 6th, the Select Choir of the School, accompanied by the Principal, will visit different important points in the State. The following is the list of appointments for the route north:

Tues. & Wed. 11th & 12th,	Columbus,
Saturday, 15th,	Wooster,
Tues. & Wed. 18th & 19th,	Cleveland,
Mon. & Tues. 24th & 25th,	Buffalo,
Thurs. & Fri. 27th & 28th,	Toronto.

The net receipts will be devoted to the Beneficiary Department of the Institution.

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ALSO—Crockery and Glass Ware of every variety; Iron, Steel, Nails, Glass, Shovels, Spades, Cutlery, Cotton Yarn, Hatter's Trimmings, Bating, Wicking, &c. &c.

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For sale, a two-horse Wagon, a three year old Colt, and a fresh milk Cow.

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Salem, May 24, 1846.